

The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

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Chapter 1

I kick a pebble down the sidewalk, watching it skitter into the gutter. Another aimless afternoon in suburban LA, the sun beating down on my neck, making me wish I'd worn a hat. The mall was a bust today--nothing caught my eye, and the crowds were too thick for my liking. Living with my parents at 25 isn't exactly glamorous, but it's rent-free, and my job at the tech startup barely covers my student loans. Still, the boredom gnaws at me, a constant itch I can't scratch. Days blend into each other, and I crave something--anything--to shake things up. Maybe that's why, when I spot something glinting in the bushes near the park on my way home, I veer off the path to check it out.

It's a sleek, black gadget, about the size of a smartphone, half-buried under some leaves. I brush off the dirt, turning it over in my hands. The screen flickers to life as I touch it, displaying a simple message: "Select targets. Choose traits. Press Swap." There's a big button labeled "Swap" and a small slot that might be for notes or cards. Weird. It looks high-tech, but the interface is almost too basic. Probably some kid's science project or a prank. I snort, muttering to myself, "Swap traits? Yeah, right. What a stupid joke." Still, I slip it into my pocket. Free gadget, right? Might as well take it home and mess with it later.

The walk home is quiet, just the hum of distant traffic and the occasional chirp of a bird. My mind keeps drifting back to the device, though. What if it actually works? Nah, that's ridiculous--stuff like that only happens in movies or weird online stories. But the idea lingers, tickling my curiosity. As I turn onto the main street, I spot a perfect chance to test it. A fit woman jogs toward me, ponytail bouncing with each step. She's the LA stereotype--tight leggings hugging her toned legs, sports bra showing off her flat stomach, earbuds in. On a bench nearby, an old man sits, tossing breadcrumbs to pigeons. He's got that peaceful vibe, like he's got nowhere else to be.

What the hell, might as well see what this thing does. I pull out the device, point it at them, and select "lower half" for both. My finger hovers over the Swap button, a smirk tugging at my lips. This is gonna be dumb. I press it.

Zzzzt

A faint buzz hums through the air, and then--holy shit. The jogger stumbles mid-stride, her legs suddenly replaced with the old man's wrinkled, hairy ones. She slows down, her pace turning clumsy, those veiny legs looking absurd under her tight leggings. She mutters something, probably thinking she's off her game, but keeps going, adjusting her stride like it's no big deal. Meanwhile, the old man shifts on the bench, his lower half now smooth, toned, and feminine. Those sexy, tanned legs stick out from his baggy trousers, and he stretches them, looking confused but not freaked out. He stands up, takes a few steps, and I swear there's a spring in his movement he didn't have before.

My jaw drops. This isn't a prank--it fucking worked. But neither of them notices. The jogger doesn't scream about her new legs, and the old man doesn't gawk at his. They just... adapt, like reality bent to make it normal. My heart slams against my ribs, palms sweaty. This is insane. I fumble with the device, select them again, and swap back.

Zzzzt

Everything snaps back. The woman's pace picks up, her legs youthful and strong again, and the old man sinks back onto the bench, his weathered legs restored. They go on like nothing happened, oblivious. I'm the only one who knows.

I bolt home, legs moving faster than my brain can keep up. The device actually swaps traits--body parts, even--and no one else sees it. The possibilities hit me like a freight train, each one more thrilling than the last. I've always had this thing for transformation, a secret kink I've kept buried. Changing bodies, mixing traits--it's the stuff of my wildest fantasies. And now it's real.

I sneak past the living room where Mom--Stacy--is glued to her cooking show and head straight to my room. Door shut, I collapse onto my bed, pulling the device out. The screen shows a history log with just the one swap listed. So it tracks what I do--good to know. My mind's buzzing too loud to stop now. I need to test this more, figure out its limits. Strangers were a start, but what about someone closer? Someone I can watch up close. Like Mom.

I head downstairs, finding her in the kitchen, humming as she preps dinner. Her rich brown hair's tied in a messy ponytail, a few strands loose around her face. She's in a floral apron over jeans and a blouse, her curvy figure swaying as she chops vegetables. She's the nurturing type, always keeping us grounded, and yeah, she's hot in that MILF way I've never let myself linger on. Until now.

Let's start small--hair color. Hers is a warm chestnut; mine's a lighter brown. I aim the device at us, select "hair color," and press Swap.

Zzzzt

A tingle prickles my scalp. I dart to the hallway mirror, and there it is--my hair's now her chestnut shade, richer and darker than before. I run my fingers through it, feeling the slight shift in texture. Back in the kitchen, Mom's hair is my lighter brown, but she doesn't blink, just keeps slicing carrots.

"Smells good, Mom," I say, voice still mine.

"Thanks, honey," she replies, her tone warm as ever. "Dinner's almost ready."

She didn't notice. Holy shit, it worked again. My pulse quickens. Time for something bigger--voices. That'll be wild. I select "voice" for both of us and hit Swap.

Zzzzt

"James, can you set the table?" she calls, but it's my voice coming from her--deep, masculine, totally wrong for her soft features.

"Sure, Mom," I answer, and her gentle, feminine voice spills from my mouth. It's like I'm wearing her, and the sensation sends a shiver down my spine. She smiles, oblivious, turning back to the stove. I set the table, head spinning. I've got her voice now, and she's got mine, but to her, it's normal. This thing's power is unreal.

Cindy strolls in as I finish, phone in hand, barely glancing up. She's 19, fit, with a C-cup chest she flaunts in a tight tank top, yoga pants hugging her curves. She's sharp-tongued and independent, always teasing me about still living here. We sit for dinner--spaghetti and meatballs--and I can't resist pushing further. What if I swap their roles in my life? Make Cindy act like my mom and Mom act like my sister?

I select "role in James' life" for both and press Swap.

Zzzzt

The shift is instant. Cindy sets her phone down, eyes locking on me with concern. "James, how was your day? Did you finish that project at work?" Her voice is nurturing, maternal--nothing like her usual snark.

Mom leans back, twirling her fork. "Yeah, bro, you still owe me for covering your ass last week." It's my voice, casual and teasing, coming from her.

I blink, caught off guard. It's like they've swapped personalities--or at least how they treat me. Cindy's the worried mom now, and Mom's the annoying sister. "Uh, yeah, I finished it," I say to Cindy, Mom's voice still weird coming from me. "Thanks for asking."

Cindy beams. "Good, I'm glad. Don't forget to clean your room later, okay?"

Mom snorts. "Seriously, James, it's a pigsty. Get your shit together."

This is nuts. They don't know anything's changed--they're acting like this is how it's always been. I can't help the grin tugging at my lips, a thrill coiling in my gut. There's something hot about this, the way Cindy's curves and confidence now come with maternal vibes, or how Mom's teasing feels oddly playful in my voice. Dinner rolls on, and I soak it all in, already itching to see what's next.

I sit back at the table, watching Cindy and Mom--Stacy--finish their plates. It's wild how easily they've settled into their swapped roles: Cindy nagging me about job prospects like she's the mom, Stacy teasing me about my "messy" room like she's my sister. It's a trip, but I can't let it stay this way. Not yet. I need to hit reset before shit gets too freaky.

I pull the device from my pocket, its sleek surface warm against my fingers. First, I undo the role swap between Cindy and Stacy.

Zzzzt

The air hums, and Cindy's motherly vibe vanishes. She grabs her phone, scrolling with that bored look she's mastered, while Stacy clears her throat and says, "James, could you help with the dishes?" Her voice--mine until a second ago--softens into her own again.

"Sure, Mom," I say, still hearing her gentle tone in my mouth. Weird as hell, but I'm adapting. Next, I swap our voices back.

Zzzzt

"Testing, testing," I mutter, and there's my voice--deep, mine. Stacy hums as she stacks plates, her warm, melodic tone back where it belongs. One last tweak--our hair colors.

Zzzzt

I catch my reflection in the hallway mirror: light brown hair again, while Stacy's chestnut locks swing as she moves. Everything's normal, like nothing happened. Except I know it did. This device is the real deal, and I'm the only one who remembers.

We finish the dishes, and I'm buzzing inside. The power I've got--it's a rush, like I could rewrite the world and no one would blink. My pulse thumps as I imagine the possibilities, but I play it cool. No need to tip anyone off.

Dishes done, I wander into the living room. Cindy's sprawled on the couch, legs up, tank top stretched tight across her chest. She's fit--always has been--with full C-cups that demand attention, toned arms, and that cocky confidence she wears like armor. She's texting, barely glancing at me as I drop into a chair.

"Hey, Cindy, you seen my charger?" I ask, keeping it casual.

She rolls her eyes. "Probably buried in that pigsty you call a room. Check under your bed or something."

I shrug, but my gaze sticks to her chest. That tank top clings to her curves, outlining every inch. I've always noticed--hard not to--but now, with the device in my pocket, it's different. I could take that chest. The thought hits me like a jolt, and before I can overthink it, I'm pulling out the device.

Fuck it. Let's see what happens. I select "chest" for both of us and hit Swap.

Zzzzt

A warm tingle spreads across my torso, and I look down. My t-shirt, loose a second ago, now strains against my chest. Two soft, heavy mounds push out, stretching the fabric tight. I feel their weight settle on me, pulling at my shoulders, and my nipples perk up against the cotton--sensitive, alive. I shift, and they jiggle, sending a shiver through me.

I glance at Cindy. Her tank top hangs loose now, draping over a flat, guy's chest. She doesn't flinch, just keeps texting, like she's always been that way. To her, it's normal.

"Found it yet?" she asks, eyes still on her phone.

"Uh, no, still looking," I stammer, voice shaky. I stand, trying to act chill, but every step makes my new chest bounce. It's distracting as hell, like they're announcing themselves to the room. I need privacy--now.

I bolt upstairs, lock my door, and catch my breath. My heart's racing, not just from the swap, but from what I've done. I've got Cindy's tits--big, perky C-cups I've only ever ogled from a distance. And they're mine. I yank off my t-shirt and face the mirror.

Holy shit. There they are: round, firm, with pink nipples that tighten in the cool air. I cup them, feeling their heft, the soft skin against my rough hands. It's unreal--my hands on these curves, part of me now. I squeeze, and a spark of pleasure zips through me, straight to my dick. Fuck, that's good. I've touched boobs before, but never like this--never mine.

I twist, watching them shift, how they sit on my chest. They're bigger than Emma's--my hookup barely fills an A-cup. These are next-level, and up close, they're mesmerizing. I brush my fingers over the nipples, pinching lightly, and stifle a moan. The sensitivity's insane--no wonder girls lose it when you get it right.

I grab my phone, snap a few pics--research, you know. The light's shitty, but the sight of my body with these tits makes me twitch. I dig out a tape measure from my desk, wrapping it around myself. C-cups, for sure--full, perfect. I note it down, grinning like an idiot. Luckiest guy on earth, hands down, with my own pair to play with.

I flop onto my bed, hands roaming. One stays on my chest, kneading, teasing, while the other slips lower. I'm hard as hell, the combo of these boobs and the thrill pushing me fast. I stroke myself, slow at first, savoring it--my hand on my dick, the other on my tits. The dual sensation's wild, and soon I'm gasping, body locking up as I come hard, harder than I have in ages. It leaves me wrecked, chest heaving, these new curves rising and falling.

It's weird, having them, but... nice. Comforting, almost. I clean up, still stealing glances in the mirror. Part of me wants to keep them, see what it's like to live with a chest like this. But I should swap back.

I reach for the device, but exhaustion slams me. It's been a day--finding this thing, testing it, all these swaps. My eyes droop, and I yawn, stretching out. Just a quick rest, then I'll fix it.

I don't even feel sleep take me.

Chapter 2

I wake up to a strange weight pressing down on my chest, like someone's tossed a warm, heavy blanket over me while I slept. My eyes snap open, and I glance down. Oh, *right*. Tits. Big, perky C-cups, still straining against my t-shirt, the fabric stretched tight over their curves. For a split second, panic jolts through me. Did I really fall asleep without swapping back? My

heart thuds, but then the memories crash in like a wave: the device, the swaps, Cindy's chest now mine. A slow, wicked grin spreads across my face. I did that. I've got my sister's boobs, and no one knows but me.

I stretch my arms overhead, feeling them shift with the motion, the soft weight tugging at my skin. A thrill zips down my spine, electric and sharp. Might as well enjoy it while I've got them. I slide my hands up, cupping them through the thin cotton, and squeeze gently. A low groan slips out before I can stop it. They're so soft, so fucking responsive. Every touch sends a spark straight to my dick, waking it up fast. I tease my nipples, pinching lightly through the fabric, and bite my lip hard to keep quiet. *Fuck*, that's good. Too good. I could get used to this. Hell, I might already be hooked.

But I can't just lie here fondling myself all day. I've got shit to do. A new game's dropping at the mall today, a sci-fi shooter I've been hyped for weeks, and my controller's been acting up, dropping inputs like it's drunk. I need a new one. Plus, as much as I'm loving these tits right now, walking around with them all day might get old. They're fun to play with, but the constant jiggle and weight? Not exactly practical. I need to swap back with Cindy before I head out.

I roll out of bed, and the boobs bounce with the motion, a little slap of flesh against my ribs. I wince. Okay, that's going to take some getting used to. It's distracting, demanding my attention like they've got a mind of their own. I shuffle to the bathroom, catching sight of myself in the mirror as I pass. *Damn*. I look ridiculous: my lean, guy frame, narrow shoulders, flat stomach, with these full, feminine mounds stretching my shirt. It's hot in a messed-up, surreal way, but I can't go out like this. Not without drawing stares. Or maybe I could, since reality bends to make it normal. Still, I'd rather not deal with the hassle.

I splash cold water on my face, trying to shake the fog of sleep and arousal. My chest brushes the counter. Another jolt of sensation I wasn't ready for courses through me. I grip the porcelain, staring at my reflection. First things first: find Cindy and swap back. I dry my hands and wander downstairs, each step making my chest bounce like it's mocking me. It's annoying as hell, and I have to fight the urge to grab them and hold them still. The hardwood creaks under my feet, and I can't tell if I'm imagining the extra sway in my stride.

Mom's in the kitchen, sipping coffee at the counter. Her generous curves are tucked under a loose blouse, but even that can't hide her figure. She glances up, smiling like it's any other morning. "Morning, James. Sleep well?"

"Yeah, fine," I mutter, scanning the room for Cindy. My eyes dart to the empty living room, the closed back door. "Where's Cindy?"

"She left early. Said something about spending the day with her boyfriend." Mom shrugs, oblivious as she swirls her mug. "Think they were heading to the lake or something."

Shit. Of course she's gone. My stomach twists, frustration bubbling up hot and fast. I clench my fists, nails digging into my palms. I can't exactly call her and demand she come back without sounding like a lunatic. "Hey, sis, I need to give your tits back, pronto!" Yeah, that'd go over great. I glance at Mom, sizing her up without meaning to. Her chest is even bigger—those heavy DDs would be a nightmare bouncing around all day. I imagine them on me, sagging under their own weight, and shudder. No thanks. Hard pass.

"Everything okay?" Mom asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, just forgot she was out." I force a smile, backing toward the stairs. "Gonna head to the mall later. Need some stuff."

"Don't spend all your money," she calls after me, already turning back to her coffee.

I trudge upstairs, the bounce in my step more pronounced than I'd like. Looks like I'm stuck with Cindy's tits for now. I sigh, resigned, and flop onto my bed. The mattress jostles them again, and I groan, half irritation, half something else. Might as well get dressed and go. I can swap back when Cindy's home later. For now, I've got to deal with these and grab my game and controller.

I dig through my closet, tossing aside my usual t-shirts. They're too tight now, clinging to every curve like a spotlight. My fingers snag on an old hoodie—oversized, baggy, perfect. I pull it on, the thick fabric swallowing my frame. It helps a bit, but the chest still presses out, a subtle swell even under the layers. I zip it up to my chin, hoping it'll minimize the jiggle. Pants are next—jeans seem safe, nothing flashy. I shimmy them on, adjusting myself in the front, and glance in the mirror. The hoodie hides most of it, but if I move wrong, the outline's still there. Whatever. It'll have to do.

I grab my wallet and keys, shoving them into my pockets, and head out. The walk to the bus stop is a fucking experience. Every step sends my tits bouncing, a soft, rhythmic thud against my ribs. I'm hyper-aware of them, like they're screaming for attention. A guy passes me on the sidewalk, nodding hello, and I swear his eyes flick to my chest, but he doesn't react. To him, it's normal. This is my reality now, warped to fit. Still, I hunch my shoulders, trying to shrink into myself.

The bus rumbles up, and I climb aboard, finding a seat near the back. I slump down, crossing my arms over my chest. The pressure feels good, almost grounding, but it also reminds me what I'm carrying. My reflection stares back from the window: hunched, awkward, like I'm trying to disappear. It's ridiculous. I'm a guy with boobs, and no one cares but me. The bus lurches forward, and the motion makes them shift again. I grit my teeth. This is going to be a long day.

I linger near the center of the mall, the hum of chatter and the clatter of footsteps echoing off the glossy tiles. The air conditioning blasts overhead, but it's not enough to cut through the stifling heat trapped beneath my sweater. Sweat beads along my spine, the thick fabric clinging to my skin like a damp, suffocating shroud. With a frustrated huff, I tug the zipper down and peel the sweater off, tying it loosely around my waist. Cool air brushes my arms, a fleeting relief, until I glance down and see what I've unleashed.

My once-baggy t-shirt hugs my chest now, stretched tight over the swell of Cindy's C-cups—my new, borrowed curves. They jut out, unmistakable and unrestrained, the thin cotton outlining every contour. My nipples, hypersensitive from the constant friction, stand erect, poking through the fabric like twin signals begging for attention. Heat floods my face as I cross my arms, but that only presses the shirt tighter, making the problem worse. Each step sends my breasts bouncing, a jarring, uncontrolled motion that tugs at my shoulders and sparks a dull ache in my lower back. Oh, I realize, embarrassment and revelation crashing into me at once. This is why women wear bras.

For a moment, I consider the device. My gaze darts through the crowd, landing on a petite woman browsing a storefront. Her chest is modest, barely a hint of curve beneath her blouse, her movements light and unburdened. Then I spot a guy in a loose tank top, flat and free of any jiggle. Temptation gnaws at me—swap with one of them, ditch this discomfort. But I freeze, guilt curling in my gut. If I swap, Cindy's perfect tits might be gone forever. She wouldn't know, sure, but I would. And one day with boobs? I can tough it out. Probably.

Resigned, I set my jaw and head toward the department store's lingerie section, cheeks burning. The aisles loom ahead, a labyrinth of lace and satin, each rack brimming with options I've never dreamed of navigating. Bras dangle from hangers in every color and style—push-up, plunge, sports, sheer—and I feel utterly out of my depth. Trying to look nonchalant, I drift toward a display that seems promising, fingers brushing over tags until I

find a few marked “C.” I grab a plain black bra, a lacy pink one with a flirty bow, and a stretchy gray sports bra, then make a beeline for the fitting rooms.

The unisex stalls are a godsend—no awkward explanations needed. I slip inside, lock the door, and face the triple mirrors. Setting the bras on the bench, I peel off my t-shirt, cool air kissing my skin. My reflection stares back: broad shoulders, familiar jawline, and those perky, alien curves dominating my chest. I swallow hard and reach for the black bra first.

It’s simple, with adjustable straps and a back clasp. I slide my arms through, fumbling behind me to hook it. My fingers slip twice before the clasps catch, and I tug the straps into place. The fit’s snug, the cups lifting my breasts, easing the strain on my back. I run my hands over the smooth fabric, marveling at the support—no more bouncing, just a secure, cradled feeling. It’s strange, but damn if it doesn’t feel good.

Next comes the pink lace. I wrestle with the clasp again, cursing under my breath until it clicks. This one’s tighter, squeezing my chest together, the lace tickling my skin. In the mirror, cleavage blooms between the cups, framed by delicate patterns. My pulse quickens, a flush creeping up my neck. It’s erotic as hell—my rugged frame softened by this feminine touch—and a traitorous heat stirs below my belt. I shake it off, focusing on the task.

Finally, the sports bra. I pull it over my head, the stretchy material snapping into place. It compresses my chest slightly, locking everything down with no frills, just pure function. I take a few experimental steps, relieved at the stillness. Practicality wins out—I’ll wear this one for the day. I yank my t-shirt back on, the sports bra’s outline subtle but effective, and gather the others to buy.

In line at the checkout, movement catches my eye. A trio of high school girls lingers nearby, two of them curvy and confident, their shirts straining over generous busts. They giggle, tossing playful jabs at their friend—a lanky girl, flat as a board, arms crossed tight over her chest. Her face is pinched, embarrassment radiating off her. I frown, a flicker of empathy stirring. I know that out-of-place feeling too well.

Then I notice another woman, mid-twenties and fit, browsing the sports bras with a scowl. She holds up a tight one, muttering, “These damn things always get in the way.” Her large chest heaves as she sighs, clearly a runner frustrated by the weight holding her back. I edge closer, feigning interest in a sock display, and an idea sparks.

I slip the device from my pocket, glancing around to ensure no one's watching. Selecting "chest," I target the flat girl and the runner, then hesitate. One swap, two lives bettered. I press the button.

Zzzzt

A faint hum ripples through the air. The flat girl's shirt swells, a modest bust blooming where nothing had been. She blinks, uncrossing her arms, a shy smile breaking through as her friends coo in approval, their teasing forgotten. Across the aisle, the runner's chest shrinks, flattening to a perky, manageable size. Her scowl vanishes, replaced by a relieved grin. She tosses the tight bra aside, snagging a smaller one, her stride lighter—no bra needed now. Neither knows what's happened, but I see it: subtle joy, lives improved.

Satisfied, I turn back to the line, only to jolt as a voice chirps behind me.

"James?"

My heart thuds. I spin around, and there's Emma—my girlfriend—grinning like she's caught me in a prank. Her tank top hugs her slim frame, short hair tucked behind her ears. "Emma! Uh, hey," I stammer, clutching the bras tighter.

"I was texting you, didn't think I'd find you here," she says, gaze dropping to my haul. She laughs, light and teasing. "Guess you finally took my advice about a bra. About time."

I gape, mind racing. She's not fazed—not by the bras, not by my chest. Reality's shifted again; to her, this is normal. Before I can respond, she leans in, checking our surroundings, then gives my chest a quick, firm squeeze. "Sucks that even my boyfriend's got better tits than me," she whispers, smirking.

My face blazes, arousal and shock tangling in my gut. "Y-yeah, lucky me," I croak, voice rough. She giggles, updating me on her day, and I nod along, still dazed. We part with a promise to text later, her peck on my cheek lingering as she saunters off.

Reeling, I pay for the bras, stashing them in my bag. The sports bra stays on, its support a quiet comfort as I finish my errands—grabbing a controller, some snacks—before heading out. The mall fades behind me, but my thoughts buzz. The device isn't just changing bodies; it rewrites the world. And I've only begun to test its limits.-----

The sun beats down on my neck like a relentless drum, sweat trickling between my shoulder blades as I stand at the bus stop. My sports bra struggles to contain Cindy's chest. Well, *my*

chest now, I suppose. The weight tugs at my shoulders with every slight shift, sending a dull ache creeping into my lower back. Who knew boobs required so much upkeep? I catch myself glancing down at the soft curves straining against my t-shirt. A flicker of something sparks in my chest. Pride, maybe? They're a hassle, no doubt, but there's a thrill in them too, one I'm not quite ready to voice.

A loud roar slices through my thoughts, sharp and grating. I look up to see a sleek sports car rolling up to the curb, top down, all swagger and noise. The driver fits the scene perfectly. His gel-slicked hair gleams in the sunlight, designer shades perch on his nose, and a smirk curls his lips like he's never met a boundary he didn't cross. He's on the phone, voice booming over the engine's low growl, thick with arrogance.

"Yeah, bro, I've got five of these now. Just snagged the latest last week. You should see the heads I turn."

I scoff under my breath, rolling my eyes so hard I might pull something. Five cars? Must be nice. Here I am, stuck waiting for a bus that's probably late again, while this jerk parades his wealth like it's a game. I can't even scrape together enough for a junker, and he's got a garage full? The unfairness stings, twisting a bitter knot in my gut.

That's when the idea strikes. The device. It's been sitting in my pocket all day, cool and quiet, tempting me with every step. I've been good, haven't I? Hauling these boobs around, keeping them safe for Cindy until we can switch back. But this guy doesn't deserve five cars. He won't miss one. And me? I could use a break.

My fingers curl around the device, its sleek surface smooth against my palm. I flick it on, the screen glowing faintly as I scroll through the options. There it is: a setting for swapping ownership. Perfect. I select myself and the loudmouth, then pick one of his cars at random. My thumb hovers over the confirm button, heart pounding, before I press it.

A faint buzz hums through the air, so subtle I almost miss it. The guy doesn't react, still jabbering away on his phone. No change in him, no hint he's lost anything. I frown, doubting for a moment, but then my hand brushes something new in my pocket. I reach in and pull out a set of keys. The Mercedes logo catches the sunlight, and my breath hitches. Holy shit, it worked. I own one of his cars now. But which one?

The thrill surges through me, electric and intoxicating. I've got a Mercedes key in my hand, and this creep doesn't even know what's gone. Reality's bent to my will, just like that. I should stop here, call it quits. But then he steps out of his car, and I see what he does next.

A woman strides by in tight athleisure, ponytail swinging with each confident step. She's minding her own business, but this guy? He leers, then reaches out and slaps her ass. The crack of it rings out, loud enough to make me flinch. She spins around, face flushed with shock and rage.

"Hey, pervert!" she snaps, her voice cutting like a knife.

He just laughs, a low, guttural sound, and saunters off like it's no big deal. She storms away, muttering curses, and my blood boils. What a scumbag. Losing a car isn't enough. He needs a real lesson.

I grip the device tighter, fingers trembling with fury. Gender swap. That'll teach him. I select him and the woman, then hit the button before I can talk myself out of it.

The buzz hums again, and in an instant, everything shifts. The woman's a man now, still in her athleisure, her frame broad and fit but moving with that same feminine sway. He doesn't falter, striding off like it's normal. The guy, though? He's a woman now, sexy and curvy, crammed into his ridiculous clothes. Baggy cargo shorts hang off her hips, and a too-tight tank top strains over her new chest. She keeps that same cocky swagger, though, and as another woman passes, she lets out a loud wolf-whistle, grinning like the sleaze she still is.

The second woman barely reacts, just rolls her eyes and keeps walking. I blink, piecing it together. Right. Only their genders swapped, not their personalities. She's still a jerk, just in a different body. Not the payback I'd imagined.

I fumble with the device, trying to select them again to fix it, but when I look up, they're gone, lost in the crowd. Panic spikes in my chest. Shit, I can't leave them like that. But then the excuses creep in. No one will notice, right? Reality's adjusted. They're living like this is how it's always been. And that guy? He had it coming. Guilt gnaws at me, a quiet nag I push aside. I'll be smarter next time. No more snap decisions.

I shake it off and turn back to the keys in my hand. Time to find my prize. I head to the mall parking lot, clicking the unlock button as I weave through rows of cars. Minutes drag on, my shoes scuffing the asphalt, until finally a beep sounds. I look up, and there it is: a modern A-Class hatchback, sleek and shining under the lot lights. Not the flashiest Mercedes, but it's luxury I'd never have dreamed of before. My stomach flips, excitement tangling with that stubborn guilt.

I slide into the driver's seat, the leather cool against my thighs. The guy had five cars. He can spare this one. I run my hands over the wheel, savoring the feel, and pull the seatbelt

across my chest. It tightens between my boobs, pressing them together just enough to catch my eye. Even with the sports bra, they're impossible to ignore. I smirk despite myself.

Everything's set up for me. Mirrors, seat height, even the radio presets. Of course it is; this is my car now, always has been, as far as reality knows. The guilt fades, giving way to a quiet thrill as I start the engine. It hums to life, smooth and strong, and I let myself enjoy it.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, and I fish it out. A text from Emma glows on the screen: *Hey, want to come over for dinner? I'm making pasta.* Perfect timing. I'm starving, and now I don't have to wait for the bus. I tap back a quick *Be there in 20*, then pull out of the lot, the car gliding like a dream as I head toward her place.

The road stretches out ahead, and my mind wanders. The device worked. Twice now. The possibilities feel endless. I could do more, couldn't I? Fix things, maybe, for myself and others. But I need to be careful, no more reckless swaps. For now, though, I've got a car, a girlfriend waiting with a hot meal, and a taste of power I'm not ready to release. I press the gas a little harder, grinning as the engine purrs. This is just the start.

Chapter 3

The Mercedes hums beneath me as I pull into Emma's driveway, the engine's purr fading to a soft whisper when I cut it off. I step out, slinging my mall haul over my shoulder, and the evening air brushes cool against my skin. Emma's house is a modest two-story, all clean lines and beige siding, the kind of place that screams suburban normalcy. I head up the walk, my sneakers scuffing the concrete, and ring the bell. The door swings open almost instantly, and there's Emma's mom, Linda, all lean angles and warm smiles.

"James, good to see you!" she chirps, her voice bright and clipped. She's got that runner's build—thin, wiry, no curves to speak of—and her short blonde hair bounces as she steps aside to let me in. "Come on in, dinner's almost ready."

"Hey, Linda," I say, nodding as I step into the foyer. My eyes catch on another woman lounging against the kitchen counter, chatting with Linda like they're old pals. She's got late-30s energy, radiating a Marisa Tomei vibe—dark hair tumbling in loose waves, a sultry edge to her smirk—but with a rack that could stop traffic. Her tight top hugs those generous curves, and I have to force my gaze back to Linda before I stare too long. "Uh, who's your friend?"

“Oh, that’s Carla,” Linda says, waving a hand. “Old college buddy. She’s in town for the week.”

Carla turns, giving me a once-over with eyes that spark with mischief. “Hey there, cutie,” she purrs, her voice low and smoky. “You must be Emma’s boy.”

“Yeah, that’s me,” I mutter, shifting my weight. Her chest juts out as she leans forward to grab her wine glass, and I swallow hard. Focus, James. I’m here for Emma, not her mom’s sexy friend.

“Emma’s upstairs,” Linda says, oblivious to my wandering thoughts. “Go on up, I’ll call you when the pasta’s done.”

I nod and bolt for the stairs, taking them two at a time. My sports bra keeps Cindy’s chest—still mine for now—in check, but every step reminds me of the weight. I push open Emma’s door without knocking, and there she is, sprawled on her bed, scrolling her phone. She’s petite, all sharp edges and boyish charm, her short brunette hair tucked behind her ears. Her green eyes flick up to me, bright and teasing, and she grins.

“Took you long enough,” she says, tossing her phone aside. She’s in a loose tank top and shorts, her flat chest barely hinting at anything beneath. Tiny A-cups, if that. I’ve always liked her look—cute, not flashy—but seeing her now, I can’t help comparing those little bumps to the heavy curves I’m lugging around. She’s effortless, unburdened, and there’s something sweet in that.

“Hey, traffic was a bitch,” I lie, dropping my bag by her desk and flopping onto the bed beside her. “New car, though. Drove it here.”

Her eyebrows shoot up. “No shit? You finally got a car?”

“Yeah, a Mercedes,” I say, smirking at the half-truth. “Hatchback. Pretty sweet.”

“Fancy,” she teases, poking my side. “What’s next, a yacht?”

I laugh, shoving her hand away. “Nah, just needed something to get around. Bus was killing me.”

She scoots closer, resting her head on my shoulder. “Well, I’m glad you’re here. Been a boring day. Mom’s been gushing about Carla all afternoon—apparently they were wild back in the day.”

“Carla’s got that vibe,” I say, picturing her downstairs. “Your mom’s chill, though.”

“Yeah, she’s alright.” Emma shrugs, then grins. “So, what’s in the bag? You went shopping?”

“Oh, uh, yeah.” I reach over and unzip it, pulling out the bras I snagged earlier. “Picked these up.”

Her eyes light up, and she snatches the lacy pink push-up bra, holding it against her chest.

“Holy crap, James, this is gorgeous!” She stretches it across her tiny frame, the cups dwarfing her A-cups, barely filling halfway. She bursts out laughing, the sound bright and unrestrained. “Look at this—I’m swimming in it!”

I grin, leaning back on my elbows. “Yeah, it’s not exactly your size.”

She tosses it down and reaches over, giving my chest a quick, playful squeeze. “Goddamn, you’re so lucky. These are perfect. Heavy, though, huh?”

“They’re a workout,” I admit, shifting under her touch. Her fingers linger a second too long, and a spark zips through me. “Not as easy as they look.”

“Let’s see you in this one,” she says, picking up the push-up bra again and waggling her eyebrows. “Come on, it’s sexy.”

I hesitate, then shrug. Why not? “Fine, but don’t laugh.” I stand, peeling off my t-shirt and sports bra, letting my borrowed curves spill free. The air’s cool against my skin, and my nipples perk up instantly. I grab the push-up bra, sliding my arms through the straps, and fumble with the clasp until it hooks. The cups lift and squeeze, creating a deep valley of cleavage that wasn’t there before. I catch my reflection in her mirror—my lean frame topped with these lush, feminine mounds, framed in pink lace. It’s absurdly hot, and my pulse kicks up a notch.

Emma whistles low. “Damn, James. You’re working that.”

“Yeah?” I turn, striking a mock pose, and she giggles. The bra’s tight, pushing everything up and out, and I can’t deny the rush it gives me. “Feels kinda good.”

“Now my turn,” I say, eyeing her dresser. “Got one of those bralettes you wear?”

She blinks, confused. “Uh, sure? I don’t really need bras, you know.” She hops up, digging through a drawer, and pulls out a soft gray bralette, all stretchy fabric and tiny cups. “This one’s comfy. Why?”

“Just curious,” I say, keeping it casual. She hands it over, and I strip off the push-up bra, letting my chest bounce free again. I tug the bralette over my head, stretching it tight across my C-cups. The fabric strains, squishing my boobs into the too-small cups, and the sensation is wild—constricting but erotic, like a secret I shouldn’t enjoy this much. My nipples press hard against the thin material, visible and sensitive.

Emma tilts her head, smirking. “Okay, that’s kinda hot. You look like you’ve never seen your own boobs before.”

I freeze, then force a laugh. “What? Nah, just messing around.” Shit, she’s sharp. I need to dial back the newbie act—reality’s shifted, but I’m still the only one who knows the truth.

She flops back onto the bed, her grin fading into something softer. “I’ve always wished I had more up top, you know? Like, curves in general. But look at my mom, my sisters—flat as boards. I never stood a chance.”

Her voice dips, a quiet ache in it, and my chest tightens. Then it hits me. The device. I could fix this for her. Swap my—Cindy’s—chest with hers. She’d get the perfect tits she’s always wanted, and I could give Cindy Emma’s tiny ones later. No one loses anything permanently; I know where all the parts are. If it ever goes sideways, I can swap everyone back. It’s win-win—Emma’s happier, and I get to enjoy her new curves too.

I fish the device from my pocket, keeping it low so she doesn’t notice. “Hey, hold still a sec,” I say, casual as I can manage. I select “chest,” target her and me, and press the button.

A faint buzz hums through the air. I glance down, and my t-shirt’s loose again, the bralette barely filled by Emma’s tiny A-cups. My chest feels light, almost boyish, and I stifle a laugh. I look up, and Emma’s tank top is stretched to its limit, her new C-cups spilling out of her tiny bra, nipples poking through like they’re begging for freedom. She shifts, oblivious, and the sight’s so absurdly sexy I nearly choke.

“What’s so funny?” she asks, frowning.

“Nothing,” I say, grinning wider. I flick to the ownership setting—same trick I pulled with the car—and swap our bras. The bralette’s hers now, and the push-up bra’s mine, technically. Reality adjusts; she doesn’t blink.

She sits up, chest bouncing with the motion, and there’s a new spark in her eyes—confidence, subtle but real. “Anyway, you staying for dessert too?”

“Wouldn’t miss it,” I say, my voice rougher than I mean it to be. My jeans tighten as I watch her, arousal creeping in fast. Her nipples—well, Cindy’s now—are stiff under that overstretched bra, and mine, Emma’s old ones, perk up too. Female nipples are a fucking trip.

She catches my stare and smirks, closing the gap between us. Her lips crash into mine, soft and eager, and I pull her close. Her bigger boobs press against my smaller ones, a warm, plush weight that sends heat pooling low. I slide my hands up her sides, brushing her bony hips—still too sharp for my liking—then focus on her chest. My fingers dig into the soft flesh, and she moans into my mouth, the sound vibrating through me.

We stumble backward, shedding clothes as we go. Her tank top hits the floor, then my t-shirt, and we’re skin to skin. Her C-cups dwarf my A-cups, pressing firm and heavy against me, the contrast driving me wild. Her nipples graze mine, a jolt of sensation that makes me groan. I cup her breasts, thumbs circling, and she arches into me, all heat and need. My hands roam lower, tracing her flat ass, and a pang of disappointment hits—she’s still so angular everywhere else. I shove it aside, losing myself in her chest instead.

She tugs at my jeans, and I kick them off, her shorts following fast. We’re a tangle of limbs on the bed, her lips on my neck, my hands everywhere. Her big tits slide against my small ones as she moves, a delicious friction that’s almost too much. I’m hard as hell, and she’s grinding against me, her breath hitching with every press of our bodies.

Then she freezes. “Shit, the pasta!” She bolts upright, laughing as she grabs a t-shirt from the floor and yanks it on. “I left it on the stove—be right back!”

I collapse back, chuckling, my hands drifting to my chest. Emma’s tiny boobs are light, barely there, and I fondle them absently, admiring the ease of it. With a t-shirt on, I almost look like my old self again—no curves screaming for attention. It’s a relief, but part of me misses the weight, the power of those C-cups. I smirk, letting the moment settle. This device is rewriting my world, one swap at a time, and I’m starting to love it.

The kitchen smells like garlic and tomatoes, Emma’s pasta steaming in a bowl between us as we sit at her little dining table. She’s twirling spaghetti around her fork, chatting about some reality show she’s hooked on, her voice light and easy. Everything feels normal—almost. My eyes keep sliding to her chest, where Cindy’s old C-cups strain against her tiny tank top. It’s a size too small, meant for the flat Emma I knew last week, not this

curvier version I've gifted her. The cotton hugs her tight, nipples faintly poking through, and every time she leans forward to grab her water glass, the fabric pulls taut, threatening to give up entirely. I'm happy with the change—hell, I'm thrilled. She looks incredible, and she doesn't even know why.

"You're quiet tonight," she says, smirking as she catches me mid-stare. "What's up?"

"Just enjoying the view—I mean, the food," I stammer, shoving a forkful of pasta into my mouth. She laughs, oblivious, and adjusts her top, which only makes those lush curves jiggle more. My jeans feel tighter, and I shift in my seat, willing myself to focus.

Dinner wraps up fast after that. She clears the plates, her chest bouncing with each step to the sink, and I'm half-hard just watching. "Heading home already?" she asks, walking me to the door.

"Yeah, got some stuff to sort out," I say, leaning in for a quick kiss. Her lips are soft, and I pull back before I linger too long. "Text you later?"

"You better." She grins, and I'm out the door, the cool night air doing little to calm the heat buzzing through me.

The drive home is a blur, my mind stuck on Emma's new body and the device humming in my pocket. It's power, pure and simple, and I'm drunk on it. When I pull into the driveway, the house glows warm against the dark, voices spilling from the living room as I step inside. Cindy's back, sprawled on the couch with her boyfriend, some action flick blaring on the TV. She's in a baggy t-shirt, but I can see it—my old male chest, flat and broad, sitting on her frame. It's jarring, but it's time to fix that.

"Hey, James," she calls, barely glancing up. "Good day?"

"Decent," I mutter, my hand already on the device. I select "chest," target us both, and hesitate for half a second. Guilt flickers—Emma's got Cindy's tits, Cindy's got mine, and now I'm shuffling the deck again. But it's fine. I won't lose track of them. I can swap everything back whenever I want. My thumb hits the button.

A soft buzz ripples through the air, and my t-shirt sags loose. I glance down—flat pecs, my own again. Normal. A weight lifts off me, but it's bittersweet. I look at Cindy. Emma's tiny

A-cups barely register under her shirt, and she doesn't flinch, just keeps watching the movie. Good. Back to baseline.

Her boyfriend, Mark, shifts beside her, one arm slung over her shoulders. He's leaner than me, not jacked but fit in a way that shows he cares. And smart—some engineer gig, always tossing around words I barely get. My fingers tighten around the device. Normal's nice, but... why stop there? The boobs were too much, too obvious, but smaller tweaks? I could borrow something subtle from him. He's right here—I won't lose him like I almost did with Cindy.

I select "fitness level" and "IQ," targeting us both. My pulse ticks up as I press the button. The buzz is faint, like a whisper, and Mark doesn't move. But I feel it—my body tightening, muscles firming under my skin, posture snapping straighter. My thoughts sharpen too, like someone's turned up the brightness in my head. Problems that used to tangle me unravel effortlessly.

I mumble a goodnight and slip to my room, locking the door. Shirt off, I stand in front of the mirror and stare. My chest is still mine, but now there's definition—biceps with a little swell, abs hinting at a six-pack. It's me, just... improved, like I've been hitting the gym for a year. And my mind—it's crisp, clear, every thought clicking into place. I grin, running a hand over my new frame. This is fucking awesome.

Guilt nudges at me—Mark didn't ask for this—but I shove it down. It's not like the breasts. These changes are subtle, net gains for me, and I can undo them anytime. No rush. No harm. I flex in the mirror, savoring the strength, the clarity. I don't even notice how deep I'm sliding.

Later, I'm in bed, restless. The house is silent, everyone asleep, but I'm wired. My phone's in hand, scrolling through porn—big-tit models, breast expansion comics, the kind of stuff that's always gotten me going. My cock's hard, but it's not cutting it tonight. Not after the device. Not after feeling real changes.

I sit up, grabbing it from the nightstand. The screen glows, and I dig into the settings. There's a timer—swap delays and transition durations, nothing wild, but enough to play with. Five minutes max for a delay, a minute tops for the swap itself. My breath catches. Internet porn's got nothing on this. I could set a swap, watch it happen live. My hand's already stroking as I imagine it.

Cindy's my first thought—swapping chests again, feeling them grow on me. I sneak to the living room, peering in. She's asleep on the couch, Mark gone home, but her chest is still Emma's tiny A-cups. Shit. Too small to bother with, and the device's range won't reach Emma. Then it hits me—Mom. She's got a bigger chest than Cindy ever did, full and heavy.

I creep to the kitchen. She's there, humming softly, wiping down the counters in her pajamas. Her back's to me, her curves swaying, and my gut twists—arousal and shame in equal measure. I set the device: chest swap, five-minute delay, thirty-second transition. My finger shakes as I aim and fire. A countdown blinks on the screen: 5:00, 4:59...

I bolt back to my room, heart hammering. Shirt off, I plant myself in front of the mirror, cock throbbing in my hand. The seconds tick down, each one stretching forever. I'm shirtless, skin prickling with anticipation, stroking slow to keep myself on edge. This is it—the real thing, better than any comic.

The clock hits zero.

A warm tingle blooms across my chest, like sparks dancing over my pecs. I stare at the mirror, breath hitching. It starts slow—my flat muscle softening, rounding out, the skin stretching as small mounds push forward. I cup my left pec with one hand, feeling it swell, the flesh growing soft and heavy against my palm. "Holy shit," I whisper, my voice trembling. The expansion creeps on, deliberate, each second piling on more sensation. My nipples tighten, stiffening into hard peaks as the mounds grow fuller, spilling over my fingers.

I squeeze, and a groan rips out of me. They're so fucking sensitive—every touch zaps straight to my cock, where my other hand's working faster now. In the mirror, my body's surreal—lean and male, but topped with these lush, feminine breasts. They're past A-cups, climbing to B's, then C's, the weight tugging at my shoulders. The skin's smooth, taut, stretching to hold the growing mass, and they jiggle faintly with each breath.

"Oh, fuck, yes," I gasp, pinching a nipple. The jolt's electric, my whole body shuddering. They're swelling past Cindy's old size now, heading for Mom's generous curves. My hand can't contain them anymore—they spill out, warm and plush, the nipples dark and aching. I stroke harder, my chest heaving, the flesh bouncing with each ragged inhale. They're massive, heavy, pulling me forward, and the sight—the feel—it's overwhelming.

I'm lost in it, stroking frantic, cupping and squeezing as they grow. The mirror shows a stranger—my face, my arms, but this voluptuous chest swaying with every move. They're Mom's size now, full and pendulous, and the pleasure's unbearable. I pinch my nipple again,

hard, and it's too much—I cum with a choked moan, the orgasm tearing through me, hot and endless, splattering the mirror as my knees buckle.

I slump against the dresser, panting, my new breasts rising and falling, sweat slicking my skin. That was... insane. The hottest thing I've ever seen, felt, done. My reflection stares back, dazed, those massive tits still jiggling with each breath.

Reality seeps in slow. These are Mom's, not mine. I can't keep them—not again. I grab the device, hands shaky, and hit “undo last swap.” The buzz hums, and my chest deflates, shrinking back to flat pecs in seconds. Relief hits, but there's a hollow ache too. I liked it—too much.

I wipe down the mirror, toss the tissues, and crawl into bed. My mind's a mess—guilt, satisfaction, a craving I can't shake. I've got to watch myself with this thing. It's too easy to lose control. But as I drift off, the memory of that expansion lingers, warm and heavy, pulling me into restless dreams.

Chapter 4

I blink awake, the morning light sneaking through my blinds like it's trying not to wake me. My phone buzzes on the nightstand, insistent. I groan, reaching for it, and squint at the screen. A text from Sam: “*Yo, you free today? Let's hang.*” A grin tugs at my lips. Sam's my best friend, the guy who'd jump off a cliff with me just to see what's at the bottom. I type back, “*Sure, come over whenever,*” and toss the phone aside.

Swinging my legs out of bed, I feel it—the subtle shift in my body. My muscles are tighter, more solid, borrowed from Mark's fitness level. I flex my arm, watching the bicep ripple under my skin. Not bad. And my head? It's sharper, like the fog's been burned off. Mark's IQ boost is a hell of a perk too. I shuffle to the bathroom, splashing water on my face. In the mirror, I look... good. Healthier. Smarter, maybe. The remote's been a game-changer, and I'm itching to play with it more.

Downstairs, the front door creaks—Sam's here. I jog down, finding him sprawled on the couch, legs kicked up on the coffee table like he owns the place. He's got that lazy grin, the one that screams trouble.

“Sup, man,” he says, tossing me a bag of chips from his backpack. “Brought fuel.”

I catch it, smirking. “Thanks. You eat breakfast yet?”

“Nah, figured we’d grab something later.” He digs into the chips himself, crunching loudly.

We settle into our usual—video games, trash talk, the works. “Dude, you see the new superhero trailer?” he asks, mashing buttons on the controller.

“Yeah, effects are insane,” I say, scoring a point. “Hope they don’t botch the plot again.”

He snorts. “Right? Always screwing up the good parts.”

“You’re still trash at this,” I tease as I dodge his attack.

“Shut up, you’re cheating,” he fires back, elbowing me.

It’s easy, comfortable. But the remote’s practically burning a hole in my pocket. I can’t hold it in anymore. I pause the game, turning to him. “Sam, I gotta show you something.”

He quirks an eyebrow, leaning back. “What’s up?”

I take a breath. “I found this... device. It’s wild. It swaps stuff—traits, body parts, whatever—between people.”

He laughs, loud and sharp. “Yeah, right. You been bingeing sci-fi again?”

“I’m serious,” I say, voice low. “I can prove it.”

He crosses his arms, skeptical. “Alright, hotshot. Prove it.”

“Follow me. And keep quiet.” I lead him downstairs, where Cindy’s lounging on the couch, scrolling her phone. She’s still got Emma’s flat chest, but her voice is hers again. Perfect.

I pull out the remote, showing him the sleek, black surface. “Watch. I’m swapping her voice with yours.”

He smirks. “Sure you are.”

I select “voice” for both, hit the button, and—

Zzzzt

A faint buzz hums through the air. Sam opens his mouth. “What the hell?” Except it’s Cindy’s voice—high, feminine—coming out of him.

I grin, waiting for his reaction. But he just frowns. “What? You’re being weird, man.”

My stomach drops. Shit. He wasn’t touching the remote. He doesn’t know anything’s changed. “You don’t hear that?” I ask, frustration bubbling up.

“Hear what?” he says, still in Cindy’s voice. “You’re losing it.”

I smack my forehead. “Forgot about that. Only people touching the remote remember the swaps. Hold it this time.”

He rolls his eyes but takes it, fingers brushing the edge. “Fine, whatever.”

I select “hair” for him and Cindy, then press it again.

Zzzzt

Another buzz, and Sam’s short, messy hair explodes into Cindy’s long, wavy locks, spilling down his shoulders. His eyes go wide. “What the fuck?!”

I laugh, relief hitting me hard. “Told you.”

He stumbles to the hallway mirror, hands flying to his head. “This is insane!” He pulls at the strands, twisting them like he’s testing if they’re real. Then he peeks back at Cindy—her head now topped with his choppy cut. She’s still oblivious, tapping away.

“How’d you do this?” he demands, spinning to me.

“It’s the remote,” I say, holding it up. “Swaps anything. But only those touching it remember.”

He’s breathing fast, eyes darting between his reflection and Cindy. “So I’ve got her hair, and she’s got mine?”

“Yep. And earlier, you had her voice. You just didn’t notice.”

He shakes his head, calming down a bit. “This is nuts. Can we swap back?”

“Yeah, hold it again.” We both grip the remote, and I switch their hair back.

Zzzzt

His locks shrink to normal, and he exhales. “Okay, that’s better.”

As he turns to head upstairs, I sneak one more swap—their voices. *Zzzztfff*. Can't have him talking like Cindy all day. He doesn't notice, and I smirk to myself.

Back in my room, I plop on the bed, the remote between us. "So that's it. But there's a catch—if you swap and the other person leaves, you could be stuck with their part, or lose yours."

He frowns. "Like what?"

"Like when I swapped chests with Cindy. She left for the day, so I was stuck with her boobs 'til she got back."

His jaw drops. "You had boobs?"

"Yeah," I mutter, scratching my neck. "Wasn't boring."

He cracks up. "Where are they now?"

"Emma's got 'em," I say. "Swapped them with her. She always wanted a bigger chest, so..."

"Emma? Your girl?" He whistles. "And she doesn't know?"

"Nope. Reality shifts. To her, it's always been that way."

He leans back, processing. "So everyone else just... adjusts? That's freaky."

"Yeah. Powerful, but risky. Gotta keep track."

He nods, then that troublemaker grin creeps up. "You know what we should do?"

"What?"

"Swap genders. Sneak into the girls' locker room at the gym. Check out the action."

I groan. "Seriously? You're such a perv."

"Come on!" he says, leaning in. "It'd be epic. Towels, underwear, the whole deal. No one would know."

"That's so cliché," I shoot back, laughing despite myself.

"Cliché's fun! Think about it—finally seeing what's up in there."

"What if we get caught?"

“How?” he counters. “We’d *be* girls. Perfect cover.”

I hesitate, the idea sparking something wild in me. “It’s a huge change, man.”

“We swap back if it sucks,” he says, eyes gleaming. “Live a little, dude.”

“You’re ridiculous,” I say, but I’m grinning now.

“And you love it. Besides, you’ve done weirder. Boobs, remember?”

I sigh, running a hand through my hair. “Fine. But we swap with Cindy and Mom. That way, we can change back tonight. No losing track.”

“Deal!” He pumps his fist. “This is gonna rock.”

I take a deep breath, nerves and excitement tangling in my gut. “Alright. Let’s do it.”

I nudge Sam, and we creep downstairs, the hardwood cool under my socks. The kitchen’s just ahead, and I peek around the corner. Cindy’s there, leaning against the counter with a mug of coffee, while Mom’s bent over the dishwasher, muttering about a stuck plate. They’re chatting, oblivious, and I smirk. Perfect timing.

“Ready?” I whisper, pulling the remote from my pocket. Sam nods, his eyes glinting with that wild energy he gets before we do something stupid. I fiddle with the settings—delay the swap by five minutes, set the duration to ten seconds. I want to savor this. “Gender swap,” I mutter, selecting Sam and me to trade with Cindy and Mom. We’re both gripping the remote, so we’ll remember it all. I press the button.

A faint *zzzztttt* hums through the air, but nothing happens. Yet. Sam frowns. “That’s it?”

“Come on,” I say, tugging him back upstairs. We slip into my room, and I shut the door, leaning against it as my heart thumps.

Sam paces, hands shoved in his pockets. “Why didn’t it work?”

I hold up the remote, showing the timer ticking down: 4:12, 4:11... “It’s delayed. Five minutes. And it’s just gender—no clothes or anything else.”

He exhales hard, grinning. “So we’re about to be girls?”

“Versions of ourselves if we’d been born that way,” I say, my stomach twisting. I’ve done swaps before, but this? This is next-level.

The timer hits zero.

A warm buzz ignites in my chest, spreading like liquid heat. My skin tingles, every nerve waking up as the change takes hold. I stumble, gripping the bedpost as my body reshapes itself. My shoulders narrow, losing their width, and my arms slim down, muscles melting into softness. My waist pulls tight, hips flaring out wide and lush, straining my jeans until the denim bites into my skin. My ass rounds, thick and heavy, and my thighs swell, sculpting into curves that feel alien but undeniably *mine*.

My chest shifts next. A deep pull tugs at my pecs, and I look down, breath catching as they soften and grow. Two full mounds press against my t-shirt, stretching the fabric taut. They’re bigger than Cindy’s—round, heavy, with dark nipples that harden against the cotton, sending jolts through me. I cup them, gasping at the weight, and a soft, feminine moan escapes my lips.

Below, there’s a strange absence. My cock vanishes, replaced by a warm, slick slit between my legs. I shift my hips, feeling the newness, the way my thighs brush against my pussy. My jeans don’t fit right anymore—too tight over my hips, too loose where they shouldn’t be.

I glance at Sam. He’s changing too, but it’s different. He’s shorter now, his stocky frame shrinking into a pudgy, cute girl. His chest swells into B-cup breasts, perky and modest, pushing against his shirt. His hips widen slightly, but nothing dramatic—just a soft curve that matches his new, rounded belly. His face softens into a button nose, full cheeks, and pouty lips, framed by his same messy hair. He’s not a bombshell, but he’s got this girl-next-door charm—cute, approachable, the kind of girl you’d see at a coffee shop and smile at.

“Holy fuck,” he says, and it’s a girl’s voice—high and melodic. He slaps a hand over his mouth, eyes wide. “That’s my voice?”

I laugh, and it’s a sultry purr that startles me. “Yeah, that’s you.”

He bolts to the mirror, yanking off his shirt. His breasts bounce free—small, shapely, with pink nipples that perk up in the air. He gropes them roughly, like a dude pawing at a girl, and grunts. “This is insane.”

“You’re such a guy,” I tease, my voice smooth and feminine. He’s hilarious, moving with that same masculine swagger in a body that’s all soft curves.

He spins, gaping at me. “Dude, look at *you*.”

I step to the mirror, and my breath catches. The girl staring back is... wow. My face is still mine but prettier—big, sexy eyes with long lashes, soft, kissable lips, and wavy hair spilling from a messy bun, strands framing my cheeks. But my body? The women in my family are curvy, and I’m no exception. My t-shirt clings to breasts slightly larger than Cindy’s, full and teardrop-shaped, begging to be touched. My waist is tiny, flaring into hips that could stop traffic, and my ass and thighs are thick, voluptuous, the kind of curves that turn heads at the gas station. I’m not model-perfect, but I’m hot in that everyday, jaw-dropping way.

“Damn,” I whisper, running my hands down my sides. My skin’s alive, every touch sparking heat, but my body feels off—too soft, too heavy in all the wrong places.

Sam’s already stripping his jeans, kicking them off with his boxers. He stands there, naked, peering down at his new pussy—a neat little mound with a dusting of hair. He spreads it with his fingers, grinning. “Check this out.”

I snort. “Gross, man.”

He looks up, eyes gleaming. “Your turn. Strip.”

I freeze, suddenly self-conscious. “I don’t know...”

“Oh, come on,” he says, stepping closer. “You’re a fucking knockout. Show it off.”

My cheeks heat, but the thrill wins. I peel off my t-shirt, and my breasts spill free, heavy and gorgeous. My nipples stiffen in the cool air, and I shiver. I shimmy out of my jeans, the fabric catching on my hips before sliding down. My pussy’s smooth, plump, and already a little wet. I step out, naked, and face the mirror.

Sam whistles. “Jesus, James. You’re stacked.”

“Yeah, well, it runs in the family,” I mutter, blushing.

We stand side by side, comparing. He’s shorter, softer, with a cute, stocky build—B-cups that sit high, a gentle curve to his hips, and a round, friendly face. I’m taller, curvier, with an hourglass that screams sex—big, heavy breasts, a tight waist, and hips that sway when I move. His pussy’s compact, mine’s fuller, more inviting. Even our skin’s different—his pale and freckled, mine smooth with a warm tone.

“Feel this,” he says, grabbing my hand and pressing it to his breast. It’s soft, pliant, and he groans—a girlish sound that’s almost funny. “Weird, right?”

I pull back, heat pooling low in my belly. “Yeah.”

He reaches for mine, but I swat him away, laughing. “Enough, perv.”

“Spoilsport,” he grumbles, but he’s grinning. He sits on the bed, legs spread, and slides a hand down to his pussy, exploring. His breath hitches, eyes fluttering. “Fuck, that’s intense.”

I hesitate, then mimic him, parting my thighs. My fingers brush my new slit, and a jolt shoots through me—warm, electric, *wet*. I stroke deeper, arousal building fast, but it’s too much. I stop, shaking my head. “Okay, we’re done with that.”

He pouts but pulls his hand away. “Fine.”

I grab my laptop, sitting at my desk to google the local gym’s hours and Lululemon’s closing time. “We need clothes first,” I say, typing.

Sam flops back on the bed. “Why buy stuff? Just swap with someone.”

I sigh. “Because if you swap with a random person and can’t find them again, you might lose your own traits. Or theirs. It’s safer to buy.”

He grumbles but nods. “Lululemon, then Gym?”

“Yep. Let’s go.” I dig out an oversized hoodie and sweatpants—baggy on my new curves, but they’ll work. Sam borrows some too, looking like a kid in his dad’s clothes.

We head downstairs, passing the kitchen. Cindy and Mom are still there, but they’re men now—broad shoulders and flat chests in women’s clothes. Cindy’s yoga pants stretch over thick legs, and Mom’s blouse hangs loose. They don’t notice us, too busy arguing about dish soap.

Sam snickers. “This is gold.”

I grab his arm, dragging him out the door. “Move it, idiot. We’ve got shit to do.”

The midday sun beats down on us as we step out of the house, its heat already prickling my skin through the oversized hoodie I’ve thrown on to hide my new curves. My sneakers scuff

against the driveway as we approach the Mercedes, its silver body gleaming like a polished trophy under the LA sky. Sam doesn't even pause—he just strides up to it, running a hand over the hood with a casual familiarity that catches me off guard.

“Man, I love this car,” he says, his voice still high and girly from the swap, though it's laced with that same cocky edge he's always had. “You've had this thing forever. Still jealous you snagged it.”

I stop short, leaning against the driver's side door, the metal cool against my palm despite the sun. “Actually,” I say, a slow smirk tugging at my lips, “I swapped for it. Took it from some rich dick with five cars he barely touched.”

Sam freezes, his hand still pressed to the hood, his pudgy girl-face twisting in disbelief. “Wait, hold up. You *what*?”

“Swapped ownership,” I clarify, crossing my arms over my chest—careful not to squish my heavy breasts too much. “With the remote. Reality bent around it, so to everyone else—including you, apparently—it's always been mine.”

He stares at me, his mouth hanging open for a good three seconds, before a loud, barking laugh erupts from him. He doubles over, clutching his stomach, his B-cups jiggling slightly under his borrowed sweatshirt. “That's fucking *insane*! You just... yinked a Mercedes from some asshole?”

“Pretty much,” I say, unlocking the car with a sharp *beep* from the key fob. “He didn't even notice. Still had four others to play with.”

Sam shakes his head, still chuckling as he straightens up. “You're a goddamn genius. What else can you take?”

I shrug, opening the driver's door. “Anything, I guess. But I'm trying not to go overboard. Don't wanna push my luck.”

“Yeah, right,” he snorts, circling to the passenger side. “You're already living in a sci-fi movie. Might as well lean in.”

We slide into the car, the leather seats smooth and cool against my bare legs where the sweatpants don't quite cover. I fumble with the keys for a second, my fingers brushing the Mercedes logo, and a flicker of pride—or maybe guilt—sparks in my chest. This car's mine

now, fair and square, even if I didn't earn it the old-fashioned way. Sam buckles his seat belt with a dramatic flair, tugging the strap across his chest and grinning like an idiot.

"Dude," he says, adjusting the belt so it nestles snugly between his boobs, pushing them together into a little valley of cleavage. "Seat belts are *hilarious* with tits. Look at this shit."

I glance over and can't help but laugh, the sound spilling out of me in a sultry ripple that still feels foreign in my throat. "You're such an idiot," I say, shaking my head. "What are you, twelve?"

"Hey, it's a perk," he shoots back, wiggling his eyebrows. "Gotta enjoy the little things."

"Little, huh?" I tease, nodding at his modest B-cups. "Those aren't exactly showstoppers."

He gasps, mock-offended, pressing a hand to his chest. "Rude! These are perfect, thank you very much."

I roll my eyes, starting the engine with a low, satisfying purr that vibrates through the seat. But as I settle in, shifting my weight to get comfortable, I can't ignore how my body feels against the leather. My ass—big, plush, and undeniably sexy—spreads out beneath me, a warm, heavy cushion that presses into the seat with every tiny movement. It's not just the size; it's the way it molds to the contours, soft yet firm, like it's staking a claim. My thighs, thick and powerful, roll together as I adjust my legs, their smooth skin brushing in a way that's almost too intimate. A shiver runs up my spine, electric and unexpected, and I catch my breath. The sensation's erotic, raw, and I'm suddenly hyper-aware of every inch of this borrowed body. Okay, that's... intense.

"You good?" Sam asks, glancing over with a smirk.

"Yeah," I mutter, gripping the wheel a little tighter. "Just getting used to... all this."

He laughs again, leaning back. "Welcome to the club, princess."

I shoot him a glare but don't argue. He's not wrong—I'm still figuring out how to exist in this curvy, feminine shell. With a deep breath, I pull out of the driveway, the Mercedes gliding smoothly onto the street as we head toward Lululemon.

The Lululemon store hits us like a wave of bright lights and vibrant colors the second we step inside. Racks of leggings, sports bras, and crop tops line the walls, all stretchy and sleek, designed to hug bodies in ways that make my pulse tick up just looking at them. The air smells faintly of lavender and new fabric, and pop music hums through the speakers

overhead. A few other shoppers mill around—mostly women in yoga pants and ponytails, chatting or browsing with casual confidence.

Sam bolts straight for the sports bras, his stocky girl-frame moving with that same brash energy he's always had. He snags a tiny pink one off the rack, holding it up like it's a trophy. It's barely more than a scrap of fabric, the kind of thing meant for flat chests or maybe a preteen. "Check this out," he says, grinning wide. "This is sexy as hell."

I stop mid-step, raising an eyebrow as I eye the thing dangling from his fingers. "Sam, that's way too small. Your boobs are gonna pop out like a bad magic trick."

"That's the *point*," he says, waggling his brows. "Tight and tiny—maximum hotness."

I groan, crossing my arms over my own chest, feeling the weight of my larger breasts shift under the hoodie. "Don't be ridiculous. You'll look like you're smuggling melons in a napkin. Get something that fits."

He pouts, sticking out his lower lip in an exaggerated sulk. "You're no fun."

"I'm practical," I counter, turning toward a rack of shorts. "You'll thank me when you're not flashing the whole store."

He mutters something under his breath but swaps the pink bra for a more reasonable size—a stretchy black one that actually looks like it'll hold his B-cups without a wardrobe malfunction. I leave him to it, wandering over to the shorts section, my fingers brushing over the fabrics until I spot a pair of tight black booty shorts. They're bold, cut high to show off legs and hips, and I grab them along with a matching teal crop top. The color's deep and rich, and I can already imagine how it'll look against my skin.

In the fitting room, I lock the door behind me and strip down, shedding the oversized hoodie and sweatpants until I'm standing there naked, my new body fully exposed. The mirror reflects every inch of me, and for a moment, I just stare. My breasts hang heavy and full, slightly larger than Cindy's old C-cups, with dark nipples that stiffen in the cool air. My waist cinches tight, flaring into hips that are wide and lush, leading down to an ass that's round and thick, begging to be noticed. My thighs are powerful, smooth, and perfectly sculpted, framing a pussy that's plump and soft, a faint sheen of arousal already glistening there.

I step into the booty shorts, pulling them up over my legs. They're snug, clinging to my hips and ass like they were custom-made, the fabric stretching just enough to accentuate every curve without digging in. The hem cuts high, leaving my thighs bare, and when I turn

sideways, I can't help but admire how my lower half looks—sexy, strong, almost unreal. The shorts ride low enough to show off the dip of my waist, and when I shift my weight, my ass jiggles slightly, a sight that sends a flush of heat up my neck.

Next, the crop top. I slip it over my head, tugging it down until it settles over my chest. The teal fabric hugs my breasts, lifting them slightly, creating a deep valley of cleavage that spills over the neckline just a little. The hem stops right above my navel, leaving my midriff bare, and I run my hands over the smooth material, feeling how it molds to me. My nipples press against the fabric, faint outlines that make my breath hitch. I twist in front of the mirror, and holy shit—I look *good*. The outfit's bold, erotic, and it makes me feel powerful in a way I didn't expect. My pussy presses against the shorts, forming a deep cameltoe that's impossible to ignore, and I bite my lip, a strange mix of arousal and confidence swirling in my gut. I'm keeping this.

But as I study myself, something else catches my eye. My body isn't just curvy—it's *fit*. My arms have a subtle, toned definition, my legs look like they've spent years on a volleyball court, and my breasts sit high and perky, defying the gravity their size should demand. It clicks—the fitness swap with Mark is still active, layering over this gender swap. The perks don't cancel each other out; they *stack*, building on whatever I've already got. My boobs are perkier than they should be for their heft, my ass tighter and more sculpted than a regular girl's might be with hips this wide. I file that away—swaps aren't one-and-done; they accumulate. That could get complicated.

I step out of the fitting room, clutching my new outfit, and find Sam struggling into a pair of leggings that actually fit his shorter, stockier frame. "How's it going?" I ask.

"These are tight as hell," he grumbles, but he's grinning. "Worth it, though."

At the checkout, the cashier—a perky blonde with a clipboard and a bright smile—rings up our haul. "Can I get your name for the receipt?" she asks, glancing at me.

"James—" I catch myself mid-word, my voice faltering as my brain scrambles. Shit, I can't use a guy's name with this body. "Uh, I mean, *Jamie*," I blurt, heat rushing to my cheeks.

Sam bursts out laughing beside me, nearly dropping his bag as he doubles over. "Oh my God, *Jamie*! That was smooth as fuck."

"Shut up," I hiss, elbowing him hard in the ribs. "At least you don't have to change yours. Sam works either way."

He wipes a tear from his eye, still snickering. "Yeah, I'm golden. You're the one fumbling over here, *Jamie*."

The cashier hands me the receipt with a polite smile, clearly unfazed, and I shove it into my bag. "Let's just go," I mutter, dragging Sam toward the exit before he can make more of a scene.

We pull up to the gym ten minutes later, the Mercedes humming into a parking spot near the entrance. My guest passes from a friend's old membership get us past the front desk with a quick scan, and we head straight for the girls' locker room, my heart thudding with a mix of nerves and excitement. The door swings open, and it's like stepping into a secret world I've only ever dreamed about.

The room's a chaotic symphony of sights and sounds—women everywhere, in every state of undress. A tall redhead peels off her sports bra a few lockers down, her full breasts bouncing free as she chats with a friend about her spin class. Another woman, curvy and tan, steps out of the shower, water dripping down her thighs, her towel barely covering her ass as she strides past. Two others stand by the mirrors, adjusting their hair, one in nothing but a thong, her pussy barely concealed, the other topless with a towel around her waist. Boobs, asses, and slits flash in every direction, more skin than I've ever seen in one place, and my brain stalls, trying to take it all in.

Sam, naturally, loses his shit. "Holy fucking shit," he whispers, his girly voice trembling with glee as he gawks openly. He struts forward, shoulders back, chest puffed out like he's still a dude, and I grab his arm.

"Act normal," I hiss, my voice low and sharp. "You're gonna get us noticed."

"I *am* normal," he shoots back, grinning like a maniac. He sidles up to a group of women changing nearby—a blonde and two brunettes, all in various stages of stripping down—and leans against a locker. "Hey, ladies," he says, dropping his voice to a deep, husky rumble that clashes hilariously with his feminine pitch. "Looking real good today."

The blonde glances over, raising an eyebrow as she pulls on a tank top. "Uh... thanks?" she says, half-laughing, clearly unsure if he's serious.

One of the brunettes—a fit girl with a tight ponytail—smirks. "You hitting on us or what?"

Sam winks, leaning closer. “Maybe I am. Can’t help it with all this eye candy.”

They laugh, taking it as a joke, but I can see the confusion flicker in their eyes. With his stocky build, cute face, and that over-the-top swagger, he’s coming off like a flirty lesbian, and it’s equal parts ridiculous and genius. I bite my lip to keep from cracking up, dragging him over to an empty corner.

“Stop it,” I whisper, shoving my bag into a locker. “You’re gonna blow our cover.”

“I’m blending in,” he insists, yanking off his sweatshirt. “Lesbians hit on girls, right?”

“Not like *that*,” I mutter, pulling out my Lululemon gear. I strip down, slipping into the booty shorts and crop top, the fabric hugging my curves like a glove. My breasts press against the teal top, the cleavage deep and distracting, and my ass fills out the shorts perfectly, the cameltoe pronounced and unapologetic. I catch a glimpse of myself in a nearby mirror and pause—damn, I look *hot*.

Sam’s in his black sports bra and leggings now, fumbling with the straps. “This thing’s a pain,” he grumbles, but he’s grinning as he adjusts his boobs. We’re mid-change when a woman walks by—stark naked, towel slung over her shoulder, her body glistening from the shower. Her hips sway, her ass round and firm, and Sam’s jaw drops, his eyes glued to her like she’s a walking fantasy.

She catches him staring and smirks, slowing her stride. “See something you like?”

Sam flounders, his brain clearly short-circuiting. “Uh, no—well, yeah, I mean—nice tattoo!” he blurts, pointing vaguely at her hip, where there’s nothing but bare skin.

She chuckles, shaking her head as she keeps walking. “Smooth,” she calls over her shoulder.

I punch Sam’s arm, stifling a laugh. “Dude, *chill*. You’re a disaster.”

“I can’t help it,” he whispers, leaning closer as we finish changing. “This is the best day of my life.”

We wrap up the chaos of the locker room and head to the sauna, slipping inside to find it empty. The wooden benches are warm under my thighs as I sit, the air thick with steam and the faint scent of eucalyptus. Sweat beads on my forehead almost instantly, trickling down my neck as I lean back, letting the heat sink into my bones. Sam flops down beside me, stretching out with a contented sigh.

“This is wild,” he says, his voice soft but buzzing with excitement. “I can’t believe we pulled this off.”

I nod, wiping my face with the back of my hand. “Yeah, it’s crazy. But... fun, right?”

“Hell yeah,” he says, grinning wide, his cute girl-face glowing with mischief. “All those boobs and asses? And us just chilling in the middle of it? We’re living the dream.”

I laugh, the sound rich and feminine, echoing faintly in the small space. “True. Didn’t think it’d be this nuts.”

“We should do this more often,” he says, nudging me with his elbow. “Swap into whatever, go wherever. No rules.”

“Maybe,” I say, a small smile tugging at my lips. “But let’s not get too carried away. This thing’s powerful—I don’t wanna lose track of who’s got what.”

He waves a hand dismissively. “You worry too much. We’ve got it under control.”

I don’t argue, just lean back further, closing my eyes as the heat wraps around me. He’s right about one thing—it’s been a blast. Yesterday, I was just a guy with a boring life. Today, I’m a curvy girl in a sauna, my best friend beside me in his own swapped body, and we’re laughing about sneaking into places we’d never have dared before. The remote’s flipped my world upside down, and as the steam swirls around us, I’m starting to think I don’t mind the chaos one bit.

Chapter 5

The sauna’s heat lingers on my skin like a lover’s breath as Sam and I step out, the air thick and heavy, my body still thrumming from the steam. I’m adjusting the hem of my crop top, feeling the way my breasts shift with every move, when Sam—stocky and vibrating with that manic glee of his—grabs my arm and yanks me down the hall. His girl-voice, high and giddy, cuts through the post-sauna haze. “Look at this, dude. Yoga class. Women only.”

I follow his gaze through the glass door at the end of the corridor. The studio’s alive with motion—a class must’ve just wrapped, because women are spilling out, sweaty and chatting, while a fresh group filters in. Mats unroll, leggings hug curves, and sports bras cling to toned

chest. It's a sea of feminine bodies, all gearing up to twist and stretch. Sam's practically drooling, his eyes darting like he's mapping every inch of potential.

"Perfect opportunity," he says, grinning wide enough to show teeth. "Come on."

I hesitate, shifting my weight. My booty shorts ride up, and I tug them down, hyper-aware of how my ass jiggles—a constant reminder of this lush, unfamiliar body I'm still breaking in. "Yoga? Seriously? I've never done it, Sam. Not as a guy, and sure as hell not like this."

He rolls his eyes, crossing his arms over his modest B-cups. "So what? You're a girl now. Blend in, stretch a little, watch some hotties bend in sexy ways. It's a win-win."

I snort, but the idea's already snaking through me. All those women, their bodies flexing and arching—it's hard to argue with the appeal. My pulse ticks up just picturing it. "Yeah, okay," I mutter, pushing the door open. "But if I look like a dumbass, I'm blaming you."

We sign up at the desk, the instructor—a tall, willowy woman with a topknot and a Zen vibe—handing us mats and pointing us to the back. "Just follow along," she says, her voice like a lullaby. "No pressure, ladies."

Sam picks a spot near the middle, already scoping the room like a predator. I unroll my mat beside him, bending to smooth it out and feeling my breasts sway under the crop top. The studio's warm, humming with soft chatter and a faint lavender scent. I glance around—most of the women are fit, their bodies sculpted and confident, but it's not all gym rats. A curvy girl near the front catches my eye—pudgy, with a soft belly spilling over her leggings and thighs that could crush a melon. She's stretching, though, folding her legs into angles that defy physics, her face calm like it's nothing.

Sam nudges me, whispering, "See? Even she's got moves. You'll be fine."

I nod, but I'm not so sure. I try a basic stretch, reaching for my toes, and—fuck me—my hamstrings lock up tight, screaming like they did back in my old body. I barely get past my knees, my fingers dangling uselessly, my thick thighs trembling. Sam's watching, his smirk growing. "Dude, you're stiff as hell."

"Shut up," I snap, straightening up. "It's not my fault. These curves—I thought they'd help or something."

He laughs, loud enough that a few heads turn. "Curves don't bend, genius. Look at her." He nods toward the pudgy girl, now pretzeled into some insane pose. "It's not the body. It's you."

My cheeks burn. I thought being a woman might give me an edge—aren't girls supposed to be flexible? But nope, I'm still a brick. "I'm done," I mutter, rolling my mat up. "This is humiliating."

Sam grabs my wrist, pulling me back down. "Don't wuss out. Just swap flexibility with someone. Swap back later. Easy."

I blink, the idea hitting like a spark. "Swap flexibility?"

"Yeah," he says, nodding toward the front. "Pick a bendy one, hit the button, and you're golden. No one's gonna care."

I chew my lip, scanning the room. It's reckless—another tweak, another risk—but the class is about to start, and I don't want to spend an hour flailing like a fish. My eyes lock on a petite girl up front—tiny, gymnast-build, her body sinking into a deep lunge like it's effortless. She's the most flexible here, hands down.

"Alright," I whisper, fishing the remote from my bag. I select "flexibility" and "balance," targeting her and me. Sam's hand brushes mine, gripping the remote so he's in the loop. I hit the button.

A faint *zzzztttt* hums, and a warm tingle races down my spine, spreading through my arms, my legs, my core. I roll my shoulders, testing it—suddenly, my body feels loose, alive, like I've been stretching all day. I reach down again, and my fingers glide past my toes, my back bending smooth and easy. Holy shit.

Sam's eyes widen. "Did it work?"

I grin, standing tall. "Oh, it worked."

The instructor claps her hands, her voice cutting through the chatter. "Let's start with a sun salutation. Inhale, reach up..."

I follow, my arms sweeping overhead, my back arching deep and fluid. When I fold forward, my nose brushes my shins, my palms flat on the mat. It's unreal—my muscles stretch like taffy, strong and pliant, my breath syncing with every move. Beside me, Sam's a disaster, his stocky frame wobbling as he grunts through the poses, his B-cups jiggling with every shaky shift.

We flow through it—downward dog, plank, cobra—and I'm in my element. My hips lift high, my ass perked in the air, and I catch my reflection in the studio mirror. The crop top clings to

my chest, my breasts pressing together as I move, and my booty shorts ride up, showing off the curve of my thighs. Sweat beads on my skin, trickling between my cleavage, and I feel *good*—sexy, powerful, like I belong.

Sam's not faring so well. "This is brutal," he mutters, his face red as he stumbles out of warrior two. "How are you making this look easy?"

I smirk, sinking deeper into a lunge, my knee brushing the mat. "Borrowed talent, remember?"

"Cheater," he huffs, but he's grinning through the strain.

The class ramps up—crow, headstands, splits—and I nail every damn one. My body twists and bends like it's liquid, my curves shifting with each pose. In crow, my knees perch on my arms, my balance rock-solid, and when we hit headstands, I kick up smooth, my core tight, my legs arrow-straight. The splits come next, and I slide into them effortlessly, my thighs splaying wide, my pussy grazing the mat as I lean forward. Sweat slicks my skin, my breath steady, and I feel alive, electric.

The other women steal glances, their eyes flickering with quiet awe. I catch the petite girl up front—the one I swapped with—struggling through a basic forward fold, her body stiff and awkward. She doesn't react, though; to her, this is normal. To me, it's a goddamn miracle.

Near the end, the instructor calls for a final challenge: a full split with a backbend. Most of the class opts out, shaking their heads with tired laughs, but I step up. My heart pounds—not nerves, just raw excitement. I slide my legs apart, sinking lower, lower, until my thighs kiss the mat, my groin flush with the floor. Then I arch back, my spine curving deep, my breasts thrusting skyward as my hands reach behind me. It's a spectacle—my body stretched to its limits, every curve on display—and I hold it, steady, feeling like a queen.

Sam's jaw drops. "Holy shit, Jamie," he whispers, slipping my girl-name out without a thought. "You're unreal."

I laugh, easing out as the class claps lightly. The instructor nods my way, her calm mask cracking with a flicker of respect. "Great work today, everyone. See you next time."

We roll up our mats, and I'm buzzing—adrenaline, pride, something hotter coiling in my gut. Sam's still gawking, half-impressed, half-envious. "That was insane. You're keeping that, right?"

I pause, the remote's weight heavy in my bag. I *should* swap back—play it safe, keep the changes small and temporary. But this feeling, this power, the way my body moves like it's mine in a way it never was before... I don't want to lose it. Not yet. "Yeah," I say, voice low. "I think I will. Just for a bit."

He slaps my shoulder, grinning. "That's my girl."

I roll my eyes but can't fight the smile tugging at my lips. It's reckless, I know—another tweak I'm clinging to, another step down a slippery slope. But it's just flexibility, just balance. Small stuff. No one's gonna notice, and it feels too damn good to let go.

The gym's buzz lingers in my ears as Sam and I grab our bags from the locker room and head for the exit. My muscles hum from the yoga class, every stretch still alive in my borrowed curves—sweat-slick thighs brushing together, breasts shifting under my crop top with each step. It's intoxicating, this body, but I'm ready to leave the steamy chaos behind. Sam, though? He's a walking explosion of energy, practically bouncing beside me in his stocky girl-frame, his gym bag slung carelessly over one shoulder.

"Dude, that locker room was *nuts*," he says, voice pitched high and giddy, like he's still reeling. "All those sexy bodies—tits and asses everywhere. And the yoga class? Watching those girls twist into pretzels? I'm still hard—if I could be, y'know."

I roll my eyes, adjusting my bag. "Yeah, I got it the first ten times you said it."

We weave through the gym's main floor—past clanging weights and whirring treadmills—Sam's chatter a relentless stream. "That chick with the purple leggings? You could see *everything*. But none of them—" He spins to face me, grinning like an idiot. "None of them were as hot as you, Jamie."

Heat creeps up my neck. "Sam, cut it out."

"I'm just saying!" He gestures at me, eyes raking over my chest, my hips. "You're a goddamn smoke show. Those tits, that ass—nobody here's topping you."

"Stop," I snap, my discomfort coiling tighter. His compliments feel slimy, like I'm some object he's sizing up, not his best friend stuck in a swapped body. "It's weird. Drop it."

He shrugs, undeterred, falling back into step beside me. "Fine, fine. But you're hot, dude. Fact."

We're nearing the edge of the gym, the glass doors in sight, when he pushes it too far. His hand darts out, quick and bold, grabbing my right breast and giving it a firm squeeze. The shock hits me like a slap, then fury surges hot and fast. "That's it!" I snarl, yanking the device from my bag in a blind fit of frustration. "You love tits so much? Try dealing with these!"

I spot a woman waddling past—big, soft, her sports bra straining under F-cup breasts that sag heavy against her round frame. They don't look wild on her, just part of her bulk, but I don't care. I grab his hand, place it on the device, aim, select "breasts," target her and Sam, and mash the button. A faint *zzzztttt* hums, and Sam's chest erupts—his B-cups ballooning into massive, weighty F-cups that stretch his black sports bra to its breaking point. The fabric groans, seams popping as his new tits spill over the edges, round and full, nipples jutting out like they're screaming for attention. On his smaller, stockier frame, they're obscene—cartoonish, almost, and his jaw drops.

"Holy *fuck*!" he yelps, hands flying to his chest, cupping the enormous mounds. His fingers sink into the soft flesh, and a dazed laugh bubbles out of him. "These are—oh my God, they're *huge*!"

I blink, the anger evaporating into a cold wash of regret. "Sam, I didn't—"

But he's already groping himself, squeezing and hefting his new assets, eyes wide with glee. "Dude, look at these! Feel 'em!" He bounces on his toes, and they jiggle wildly, nearly bursting free. "This is fucking *awesome*!"

"Sam, stop it," I hiss, scanning the crowd. The woman's gone—swallowed by the gym's chaos—and panic claws at me. "I need to swap you back, but I can't find her!"

He waves me off, still fondling his chest. "Who gives a shit? These are perfect. I'm in love."

"You're not keeping them!" I grab his arm, dragging him toward the parking lot. "Move. We're figuring this out."

He stumbles after me, grinning like a fool, hands still roaming as I shove him into the Mercedes' passenger seat. I slam my door shut and grip the wheel, breathing hard. "Okay, think," I mutter. "She's gone. You've got her tits now, and I don't know where she went. This is a mess."

Sam leans back, wrestling his seatbelt between his massive breasts, creating a deep canyon of cleavage. "Relax, Jamie. I love 'em. Look at this!" He lifts them, letting them drop with a

heavy bounce. “Nobody’s gonna know they’re not mine, and I’ve got a big pair to play with now. What’s the problem?”

“The problem,” I grit out, “is I just swapped your chest with some random woman’s, and I can’t undo it. This is getting out of hand.”

He shrugs, utterly unfazed. “So? We had our fun. I’m good with this. Chill.”

I exhale sharply, starting the engine. “Fine. Whatever. Let’s just get home.”

The drive is tense, my knuckles white on the wheel, Sam humming beside me, sneaking gropes when he thinks I’m not looking. My mind’s a tangle—yoga, lockers, swaps, now this. I’m losing it, the device’s power slipping through my fingers, and all I want is to hit rewind, swap us back to normal. We’ve had our kicks. It’s enough.

We pull into the driveway, and my heart sinks—no cars, house dark. I step out, Sam trailing me, his ridiculous chest bouncing with every move. Inside, a note’s taped to the fridge: *Gone to Grandma’s for the night. Back tomorrow. Love, Cindy & Mom.*

“Not again,” I groan, crumpling it in my fist.

Sam peers over my shoulder, his tits brushing my back. “What’s that?”

“Cindy and Mom—or, uh, my brother and dad now,” I say, turning to him. “They’re gone ‘til tomorrow. We’re stuck like this.”

His face lights up. “Stuck as chicks? Hell yeah! I wasn’t gonna change back tonight anyway—this is fucking awesome!” He cups his breasts again, grinning. “Tits and all.”

I roll my eyes, exhaustion creeping in. “You’re impossible.”

“What? Being a girl rocks. I’m living my best life.” He heads for the door, still staring down at his chest. “I’ll crash at mine and come back tomorrow to swap, cool?”

“Yeah, sure,” I mutter. “Just go.”

He winks, gives his tits one last squeeze, and slips out, leaving me alone in the silent house. I sink onto the couch, the device a heavy lump in my pocket. My thoughts churn—today’s madness, Sam’s groping, that impulsive swap. It’s too much, spiraling beyond my grip, and a quiet dread settles in.

But there's a flicker, deep down, that won't quit. The thrill of it—this body, the power—still hums under my skin. I shift, feeling my curves, the weight of my own borrowed chest, and a shiver runs through me. Maybe Sam's onto something. Maybe I could just... let go, for now.

I shake it off, standing. No. Tomorrow, we fix this. Back to normal. Done.

Still, as I trudge to my room, the device's pull lingers, a whisper I can't quite shake.

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